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**CREEPY: THE LIMITED SERIES.**  
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## It's Ba-a-ack! by Richard Howell

WELCOME TO THE first issue of the new *Creepy*, the second constellation in the expanding Harris Horror Universe.

As long-time fans are aware, *Creepy* was the first of the magazine-style horror comics of the 1960s, which brought back the EC tradition of twist endings and great art a decade after the horror comic itself had been put out of business by overzealous public officials and unelected do-gooders.\* Publisher James Warren avoided the many restrictions placed on comics of that period by publishing his *Creepy* and *Eerie* series as black-and-white magazines, not comic books. *Creepy* thrived in an arid market for many years as the premier venue for illustrated horror. About a decade ago (February, 1983, actually), Warren ceased publication of his magazine line, and *Creepy* went on extended hiatus (or, as it's known in the business, cancellation). Seven years ago, Harris Publications, Inc. (by then in charge of the Warren properties) tested the waters with an experimental issue of *Creepy*. The market was still strong. That, in a roundabout way, brings us all to the here and now—and that which you hold in your hands even as you read: *Creepy: the Limited Series #1*.

In the wake of the success of last year's *Vampirella Limited Series*, we at Harris are now revivifying the eldest of the Warren horror properties, *Creepy*. In keeping with our respect for our source material, Uncle *Creepy* himself is back, sneering and leering to his little black heart's content; we're also showcasing his toad-like sidekick, Cousin *Eerie*. It's like old home week.

Don't be misled, however: this is a *Creepy* for today's comics reader. It's our editorial opinion that after some thirty-odd years of reading and re-reading the twist-ending EC style of horror story, even the denser readers will be able to see the "ironic" payoff coming from a mile away. There are some genres that profit from the material's familiarity; horror, we believe, is not one of them. Ergo: the new, the re-conceived, the re-thought, the re-formatted *Creepy*.

What's so new about horror comics with a disgusting, pun-happy host? Well, for one thing, the new *Creepy* is not—again—NOT an anthology series. It is *not* a collection of unrelated short horror stories, with characters whose lives begin and end (usually gruesomely) within six to ten pages. The *Creepy* issue you now hold is the first four chapters of a sixteen-chapter illustrated novel. The story will grow and develop, take many frightening turns, and come to a resolution at the end of *Creepy: the Limited Series #4*. The characters we meet *en masse* on page 10 are our protagonists, the unfortunates who will struggle and strain against the dark forces present in the *Creepy* House. The fates of those characters will impact on the actions of the others, and the progress of the storyline in general. The fates of the Evanstons, Roderick, Taggart, Jackie, Carlotta, Starr, and the man who calls himself Crawford are all to be determined over *Creepy's* four issues. Before this series is over, each of the above indi-

\*for a full reconstruction of the events within the publishing climate that led to Warren's launching of his illustrated horror magazines, see Harris' *CREEPY: THE CLASSIC YEARS* trade paperback.



viduals (and the Evanstons, treated as a unit) will come face to face with the most terrifying experience of his or her life, and few—perhaps none—will survive. This parade of horror, madness and death is presided over by the reigning landlord of the Creepy House, none other than Uncle Creepy himself (aided by his slug-like dogsbody Cousin Eerie). Creepy is the only entity present with an overview of the reasoning behind this systematic terror and torture, and is thus—for the first time ever—the star of his own magazine's book-length feature. He's in control, and he's loving it. He's still filled with perverse glee at the destruction of lives and souls, and he still loves bad puns, but make no mistake—this Creepy is no mere narrator!

As this series continues, more of the initial cast will face horrifying visions of themselves, their fears, and their fates—all within the confines of the Creepy House, and presided over by you-know-who.

Plus:

**Why** were these eight unfortunate people compelled to take refuge at the Creepy House at **just this time**?

**What** do **Creepy** and **Eerie** have in mind for them?

**How** is the mysterious **wolf** involved?

**What** is the **significance** of the identical **gemstones**?

And:

**How** does the quest of **J. J. the bounty hunter** intersect with Creepy's and Eerie's **master plan**?

(Spooky organ music here)

These questions and more... will be... answered! Yeah! Just keep reading, okay?

**Peter David**, our creepy writer—no, no, make that Creepy writer—has written more projects for more people in his comparatively few years as a professional scribe than many writers do in a lifetime. Peter's work on Marvel's *Hulk* is an ongoing treat, and his tenure on *Peter Parker, the Spectacular Spider-Man* (including the "Death of Jean DeWolff") is fondly remembered. His other comics series include *Dreadstar*, *Little Mermaid*, *Star Trek*, *Green Lantern*, and now *X-Factor*. Outside comics, Peter's the author of *Vendetta*, and other best-selling *Star Trek* novels, and such fantasy works as *Howling Mad* and *Knight Life*.

The layout artist for the main story chapters in this issue is **Kieron Dwyer**, a major young talent, already well-known for his work on *Captain America* and *Detective Comics*. Kieron established the designs for the characters and did a stellar job with his work on this issue, then had to beg off on the next three, due to a reactivated pre-existing commitment. The embellishing genius behind this—and all future—main story chapters is Creepy alumnus and horror aficionado **Tom Sutton**. Tom, a master of murk and mood, supplies a surfeit of both, darkening the overall tone of the series as well as setting lofty standards of technique.

**Gene Colan** and **Steve Leialoha**, pencil and ink artists (respectively) for "*Corporate Bloodsuckers*," have worked together before, most notably on Marvel's *Howard the Duck* comic book series over ten years ago. Colan is justly renowned for his many achievements over a long comics career, but a special place must be reserved for his contributions to horror comics—not only Marvel's well-remembered *Tomb of Dracula* series of the 1970s, but also as a contribu-

tor to the early classic period of *Creepy* and *Eerie* (during which his ink-wash jobs set new standards for subtlety). Leialoha has been long established as one of comics' most adaptable and expert craftsmen, and one of the very few inkers who can render Colan's moody, shadowy pencils with the sensitivity and grace they deserve.

**Jo Duffy**, writer of the *Carlotta* module, is well-known for her work on *Power Man and Iron Fist*, *Star Wars*, *Akira*, *Fallen Angels*, *Wolverine*, and the original *Punisher* limited series. Her unique spin on genre material—here applied to horror—as always, produces a lively, unpredictable mix of tones. Look for Jo's upcoming series, *Nestrobber*.

**James Fry** and **Art Viscardi**, penciller and inker on "*A Turn of the Wheel*," are teamed here for the first time. Fry has shown his range on such diverse projects as *Star Trek*, *Werewolf by Night*, *Namor*, and the *Liberty Project* (which he co-created with *Vampirella* scripter Kurt Busiek), and his stylized combination of bold graphics and jaunty—almost humorous—character depictions works well with the parable-like tale of the trusting, victimized *Carlotta* and her fall from grace. Viscardi's soft inks (previously seen in Marvel's *Open Space*) are a fine complement to the spirit of the pencils.

Harris' ace letterer, **Kevin Cunningham**, continues his near-exclusive run on this company's horror line. Look for Kevin's work on the continuing *Vampirella* series as well.

Editor/packager **Richard Howell** may be known to most of you as an artist for Marvel (*Vision* and *Scarlet Witch*) and DC (*Hawkman*, *All-Star Squadron*), or as the artist/writer/creator of the cult favorite *Portia Prinz of the Glamazons*. Now he's on the other side of the desk, with *Vampirella* and *Creepy*. Co-editor **Jesse Reyes** lends his enthusiasm for comics and his expert design talents (as art director for *Guitar World* magazine) to upgrade the look and content of all of the Harris comics.

Harris' other horror projects include a trade paperback collection of classic stories from *Creepy*, and two trade paperback collections of the important early *Vampirella* adventures (one with a Steranko/Gulacy cover, and one with a cover by Dave Stevens!). A *Vampirella* Summer Special is due in June, featuring a super-special meeting between Vampi, Uncle Creepy, and Cousin Eerie by Steve Englehart and Jackson Guice, with a cover by Art Adams. Try 'em all—better yet, buy 'em all! If you can't find them, haunt your comics store until the manager orders them for you.

As with Harris' *Vampirella* Limited Series, *Creepy* will be winging its way to you for four 48-page bimonthly issues. Then there's the specter of an ongoing monthly series. Will anyone from this four-issue sequence be left alive to appear in it? Many surprises await you in these four issues, and we welcome your comments. Please send any letters to:

Creepy Dead Letter Office  
c/o Harris Comics  
1115 Broadway, 8th floor  
New York, New York 10010

Pencil in a plan to be back here in late April for *Creepy: the Limited Series, Book Two*. The thought that you won't be here for the thrills in our second issue is... *t-t-terrifying!*

And again—welcome to the Harris Horror Universe.



All-New, Full-Length Story



# CREEPY

\$3.95 USA  
\$4.75 CAN

BOOK 1



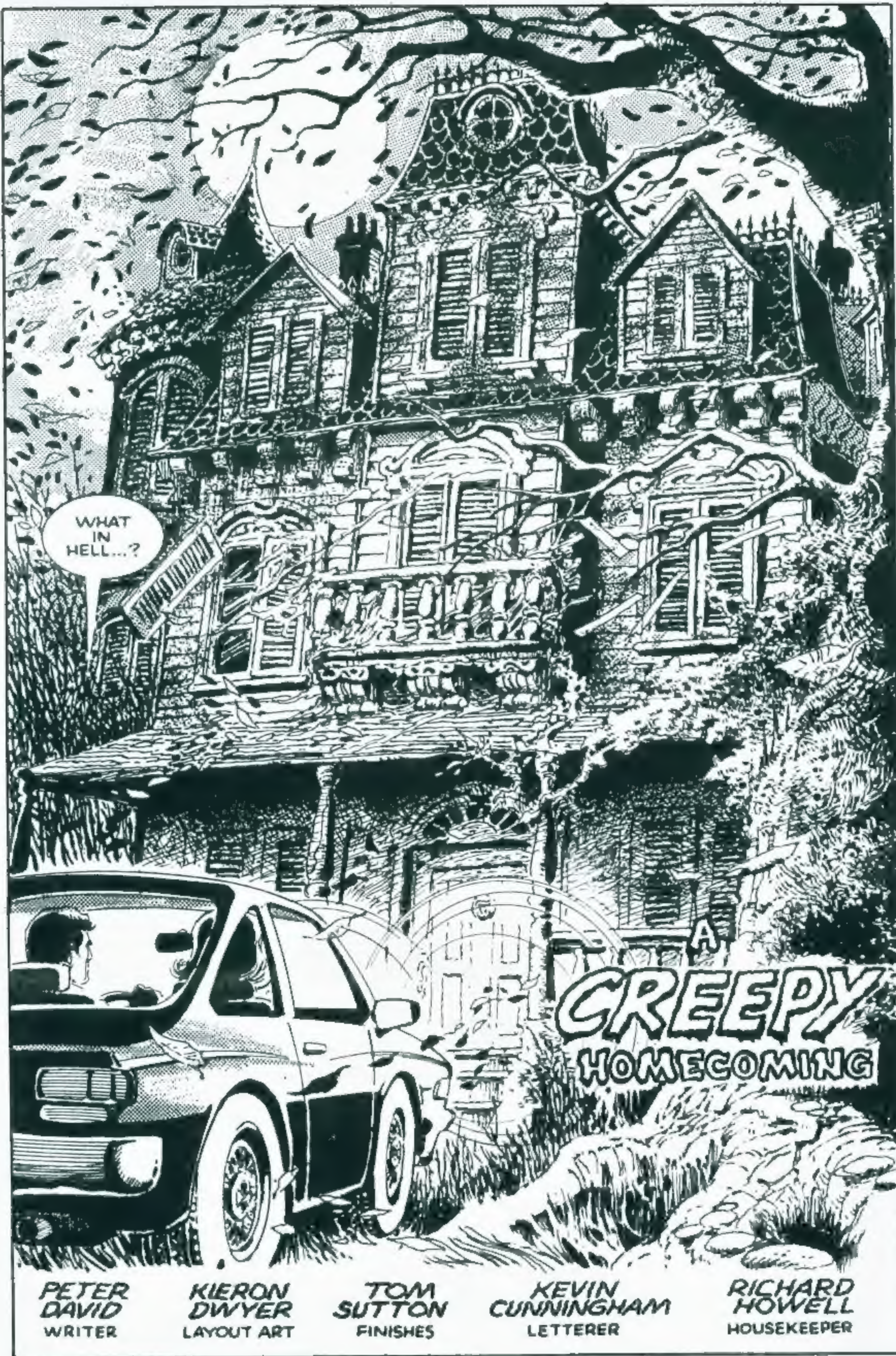
BREXTON

91









WHAT  
IN  
HELL...?

# A CREEPY HOMECOMING

**PETER  
DAVID**  
WRITER

**KIERON  
DWYER**  
LAYOUT ART

**TOM  
SUTTON**  
FINISHES

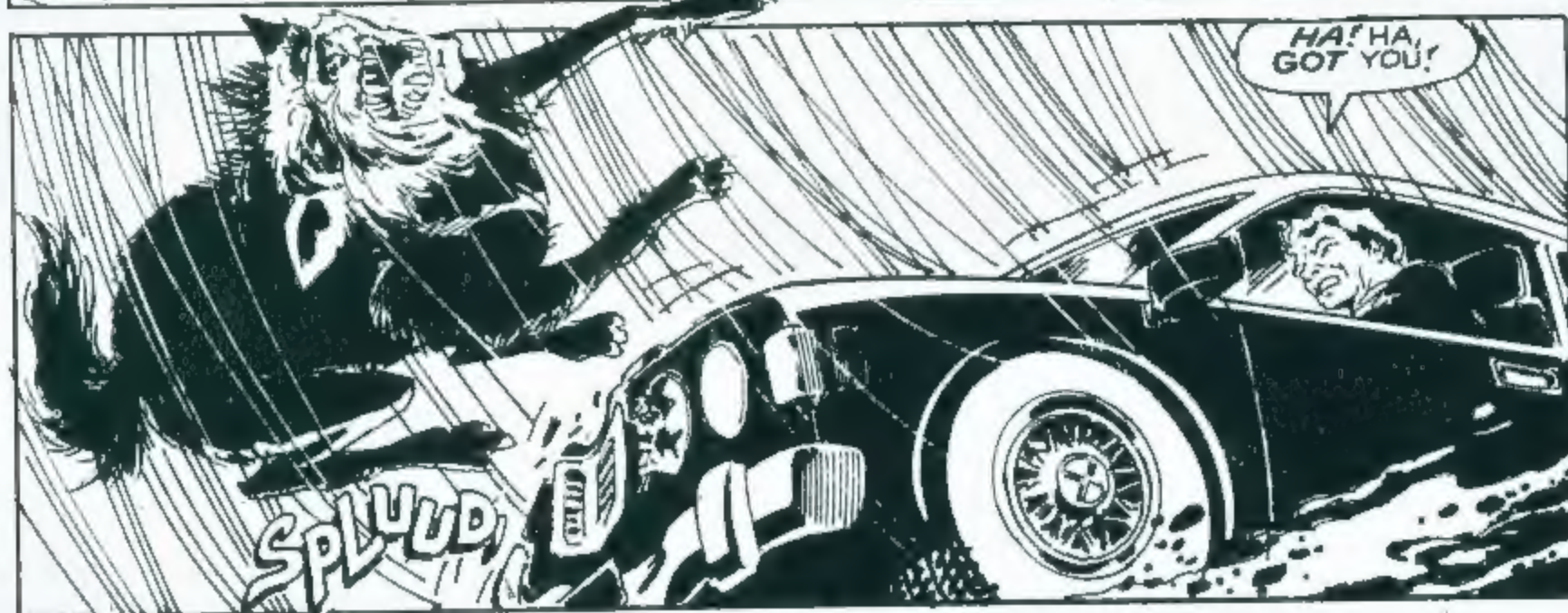
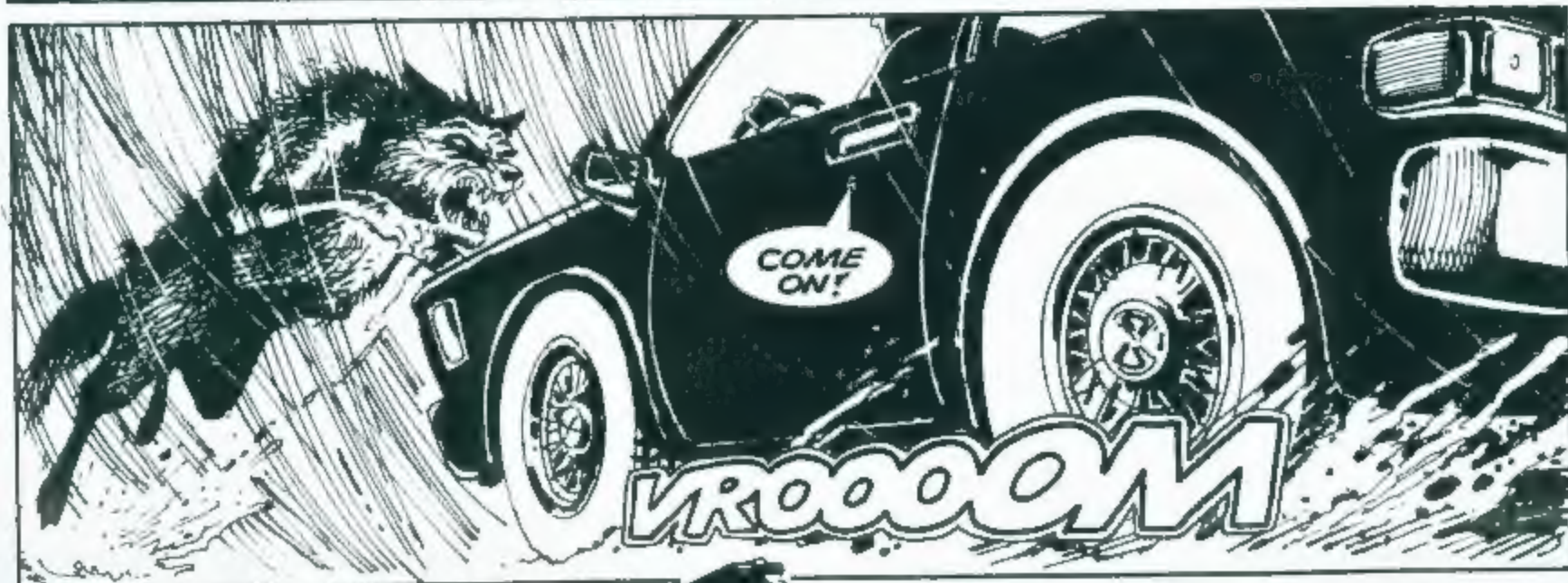
**KEVIN  
CUNNINGHAM**  
LETTERER

**RICHARD  
HOWELL**  
HOUSEKEEPER













DID YOU **SEE** THAT?  
THAT WAS **BEAUTIFUL!**  
I SHOWED **HIM!** I--

NATHAN, I  
WOULD **REALLY**  
LOVE TO SHARE YOUR  
ENTHUSIASM FOR THIS,  
THE CROWNING ACHIEVE-  
MENT OF YOUR **LIFE...**



...BUT COULD YOU  
**PLEASE** GET US  
THE **HELL OUT**  
OF HERE?!

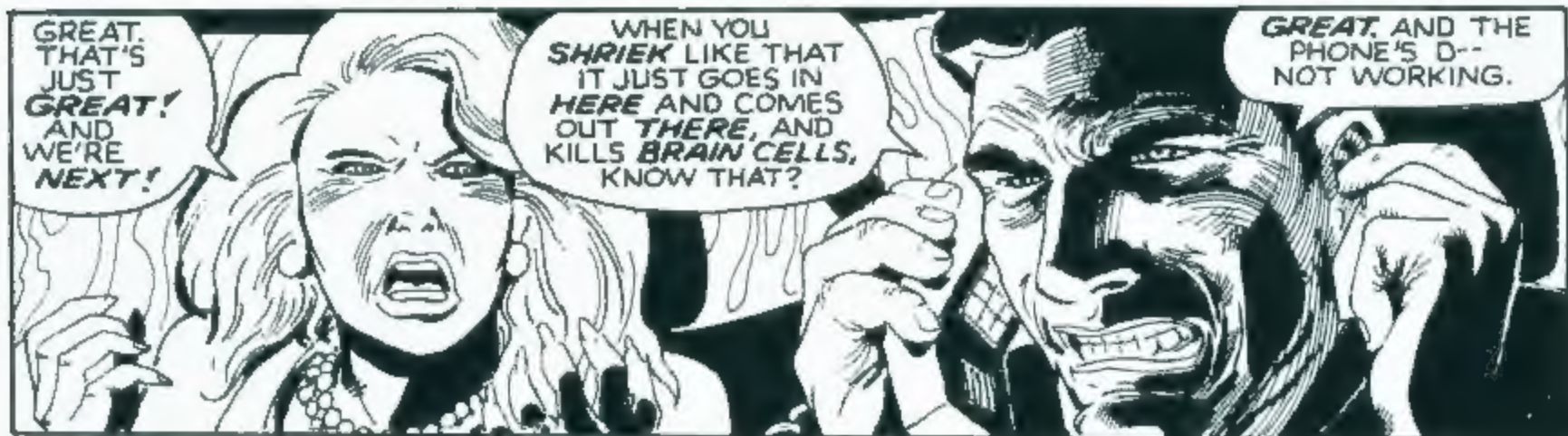
OKAY,  
OKAY...



NATHAN, WOULD YOU CARE  
TO ENLIGHTEN ME AS TO WHY  
YOU JUST **SHUT OFF** THE  
**ENGINE?**

I, UH...

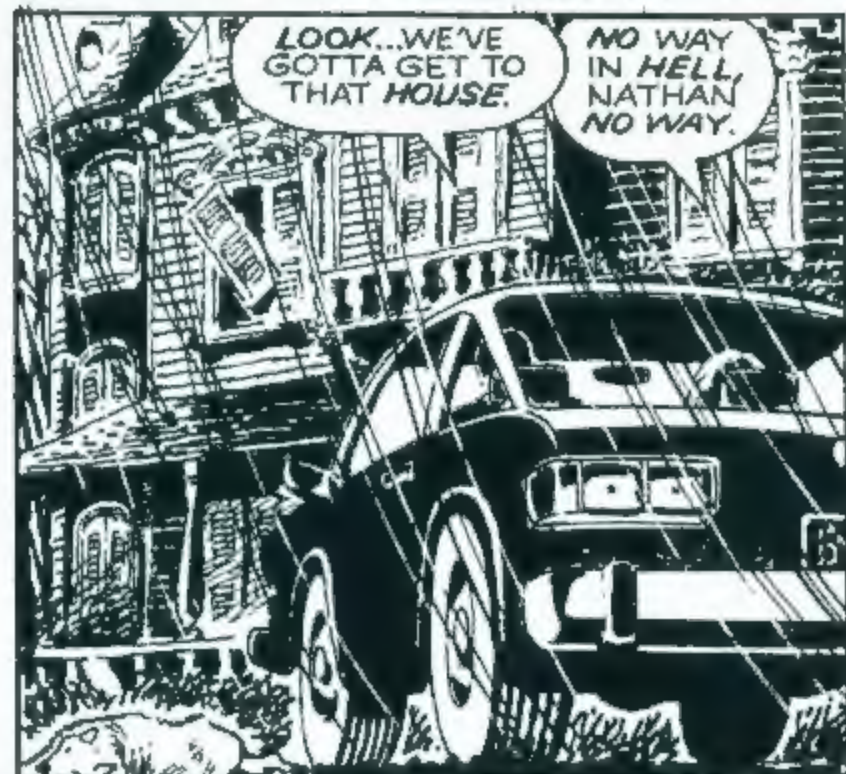
I **DIDN'T**.  
THE **ENGINE**  
JUST **DIED**.



GREAT.  
THAT'S  
JUST  
**GREAT!**  
AND  
WE'RE  
**NEXT!**

WHEN YOU  
**SHRIEK** LIKE THAT  
IT JUST GOES IN  
**HERE** AND COMES  
OUT **THERE**, AND  
KILLS **BRAIN CELLS**.  
KNOW THAT?

**GREAT**, AND THE  
PHONE'S D--  
NOT WORKING.



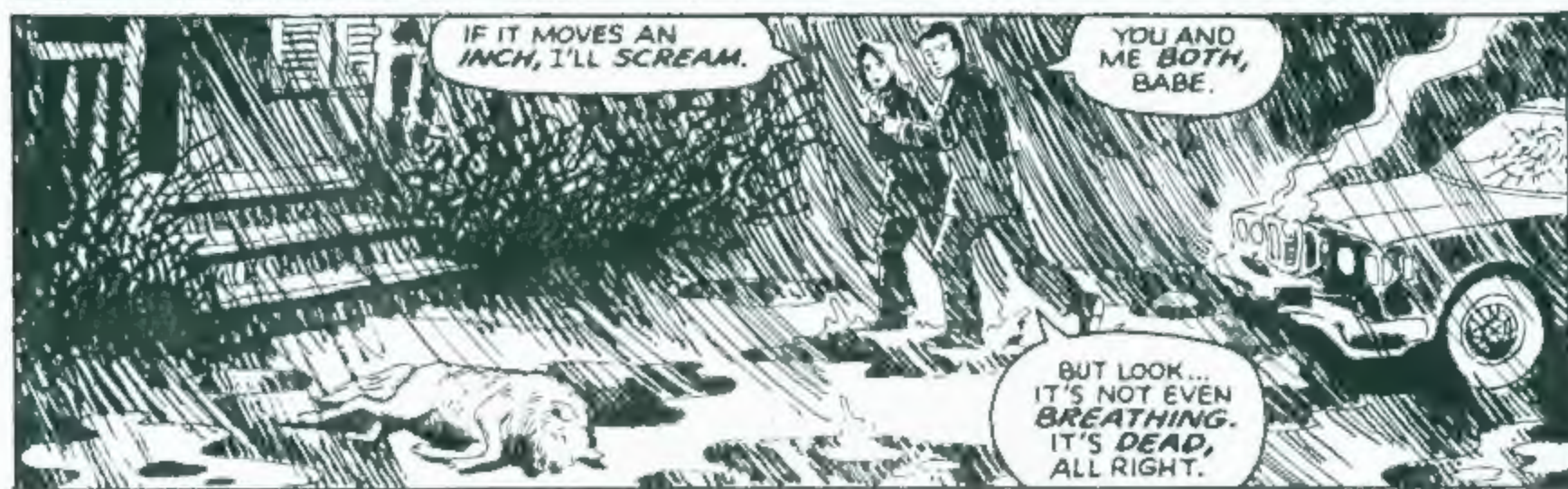
LOOK...WE'VE  
GOTTA GET TO  
THAT **HOUSE**.

**NO WAY**  
IN **HELL**,  
NATHAN  
**NO WAY**.



IT'S OUR **ONLY SHOT**. OTHERWISE  
WE'RE SITTING **DUCKS** FOR THE  
**NEXT** WILD CREATURE THAT ATTACKS,  
AND FRESH OUT OF **BMW's** TO RUN  
'EM OVER WITH?

















YOU KNOW, THE **WOLF** WAS GONE, TOO.

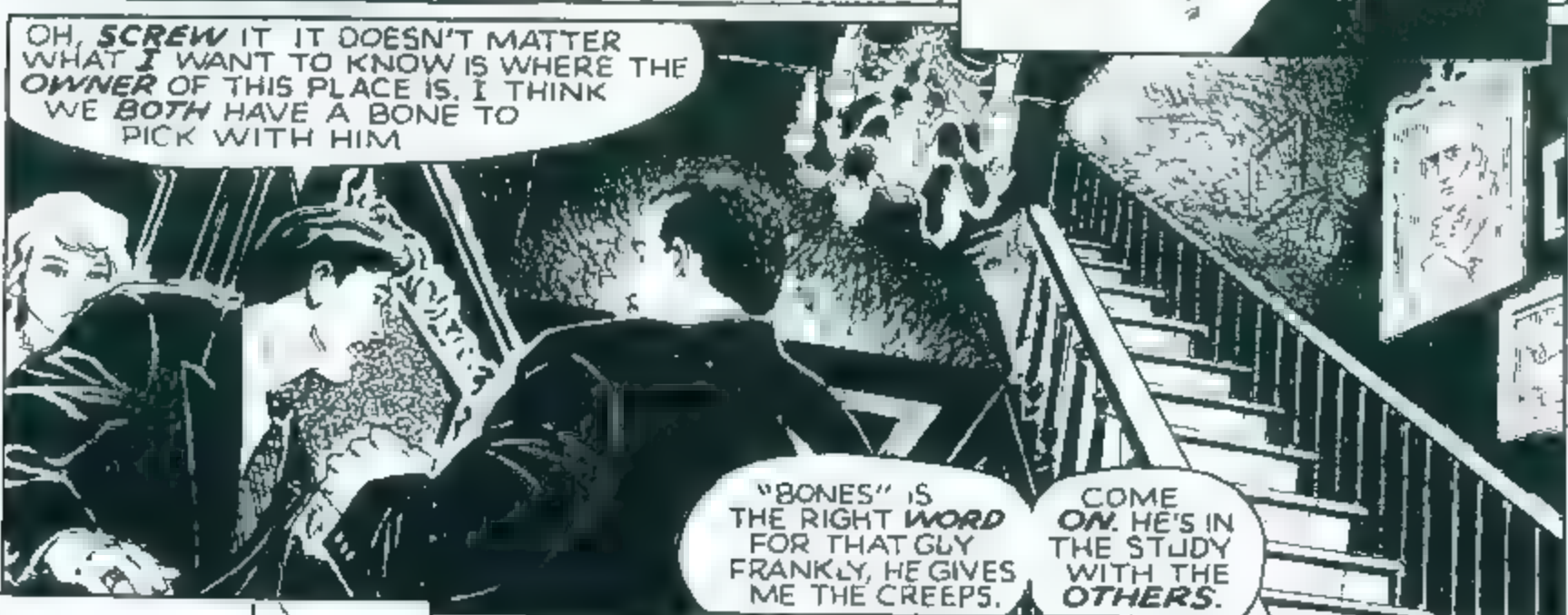
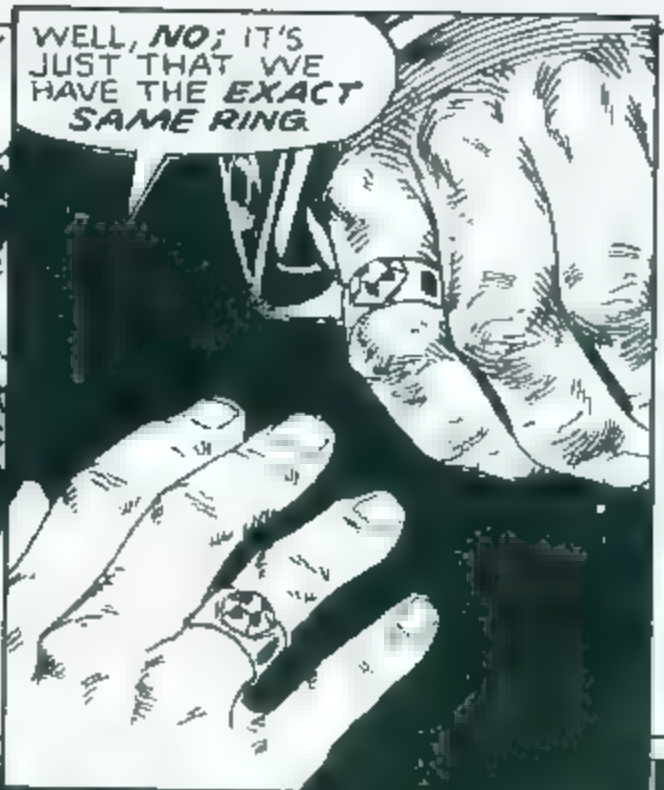
WHO CARES? MY **BMW**.

MY **PORSCHE!** MAN, THIS BITES IT **BIG TIME**.

WELL, **NO**; IT'S JUST THAT WE HAVE THE **EXACT SAME RING**.

HEY, **THAT'S WEIRD**.

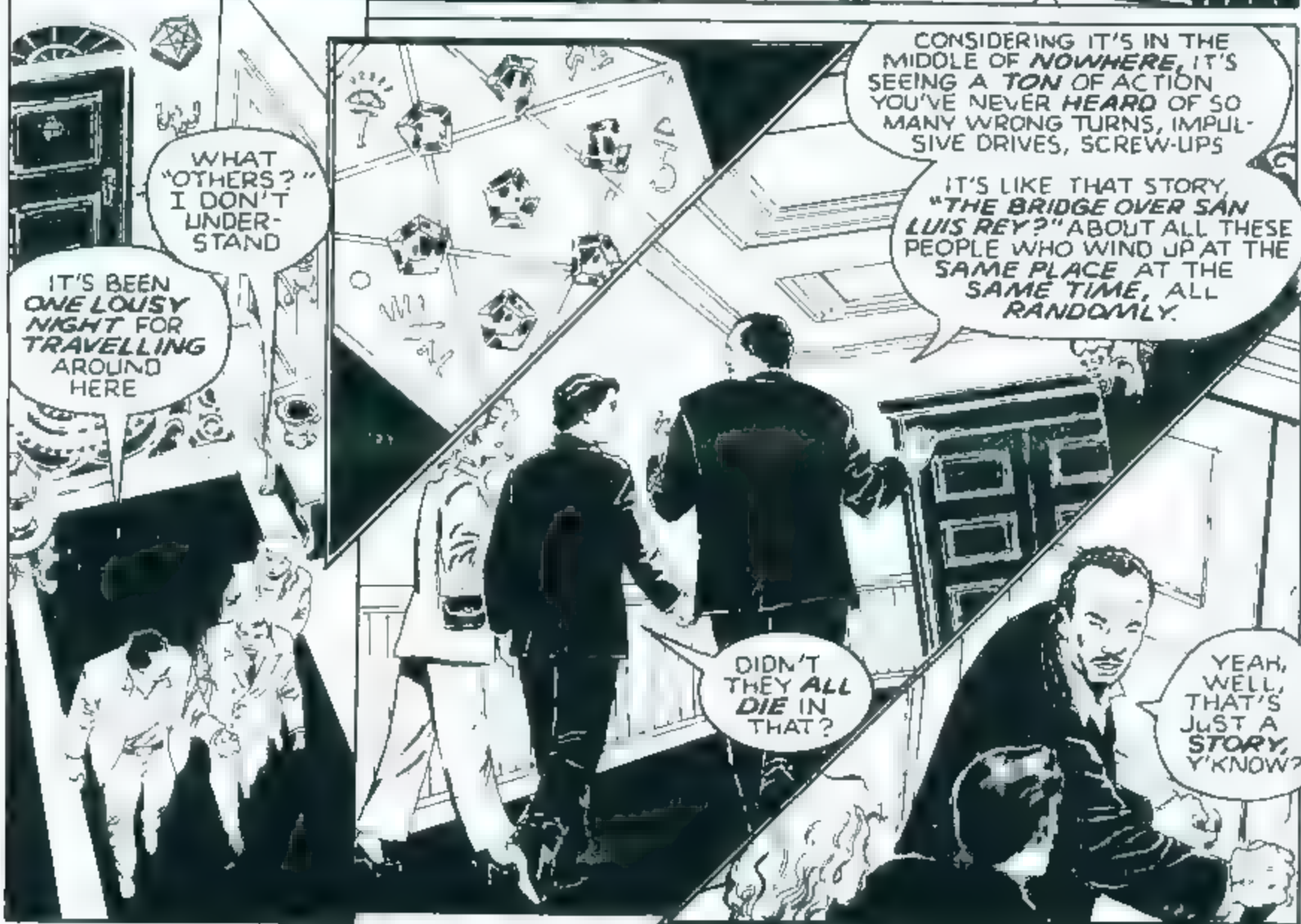
WEIRDER THAN OUR **CARS** VANISHING?



OH, **SCREW** IT IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS WHERE THE **OWNER** OF THIS PLACE IS. I THINK WE **BOTH** HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH HIM

"**BONES**" IS THE RIGHT **WORD** FOR THAT GUY FRANKLY, HE GIVES ME THE CREEPS.

COME **ON**. HE'S IN THE STUDY WITH THE **OTHERS**.



WHAT "**OTHERS**?" I DON'T UNDERSTAND

IT'S BEEN **ONE LOUSY NIGHT** FOR TRAVELLING AROUND HERE

CONSIDERING IT'S IN THE MIDDLE OF **NOWHERE**, IT'S SEEING A **TON** OF ACTION YOU'VE NEVER **HEARD** OF SO MANY WRONG TURNS, IMPULSIVE DRIVES, **SCREW-UPS**

IT'S LIKE THAT STORY, "**THE BRIDGE OVER SAN LUIS REY**?" ABOUT ALL THESE PEOPLE WHO WIND UP AT THE **SAME PLACE** AT THE **SAME TIME**, ALL **RANDOMLY**.

DIDN'T THEY ALL **DIE** IN THAT?

YEAH, WELL, THAT'S JUST A **STORY**, Y'KNOW?



LOOKEE HERE, PEOPLE- TWO MORE  
**WINNERS** IN THE "NO SENSE OF  
DIRECTION" CONTEST MR. AND MRS  
NATHAN AND DEENA EVANSTON.  
MAY I PRESENT

THE GENTLEMAN  
BY THE CURTAINS  
IS MR  
CRAWFORD

ON THE  
COUCH IS MS.  
CARLOTTA  
BUSCH..

AND  
RANDALL  
STARR

"STANDING  
IS MR.  
ROLAND  
RODERICK

AND  
YOUNG  
MASTER  
JACKIE  
DANIELS.

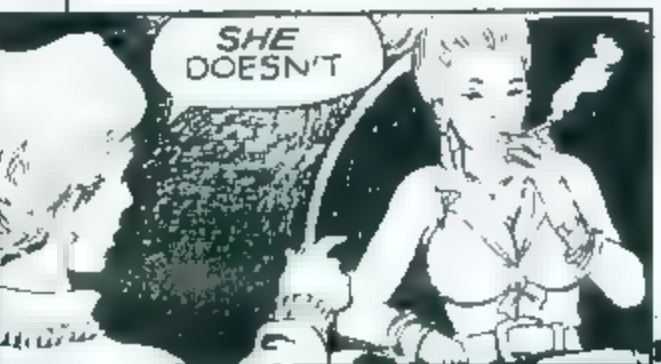
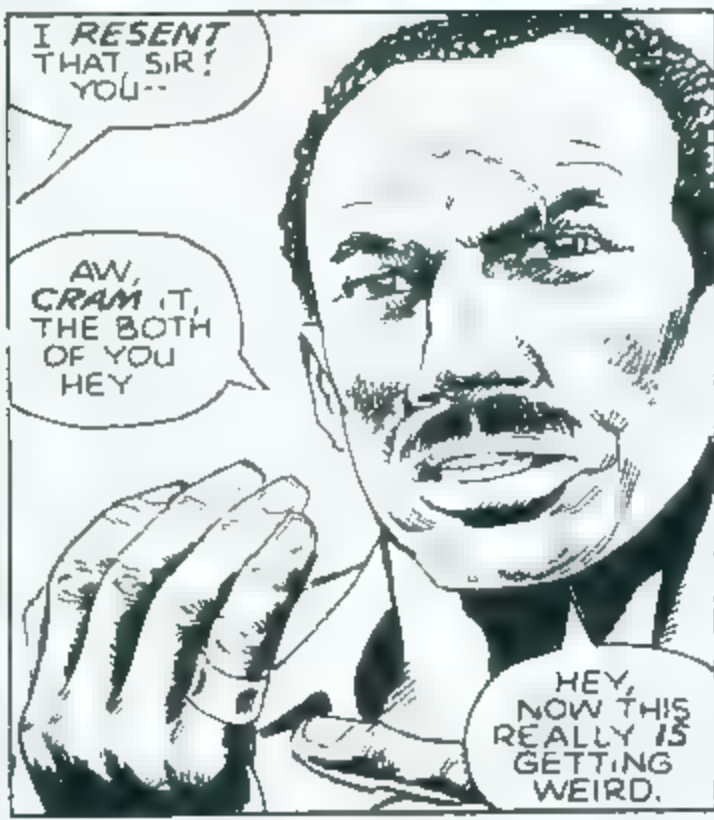
DON'T SAY  
IT, OKAY? I'VE  
HEARD EVERY  
**POSSIBLE**  
JOKE, OKAY?

UH YES  
AND OVER THERE  
BY THE **FIRE** IS OUR  
HOST WHO NOW THAT I  
RECALL, HAS YET TO  
MENTION HIS NAME.

JUST  
CALL  
ME

UNCLE







LOOK, FELLA, JEWELRY CONVENTIONS ARE NICE, BUT WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS WHERE THE HELL MY CAR IS!

I'M SURE IT'S OUT THERE DISTANCES ARE *DECEIVING* IN THE WOODS. ALL THINGS HERE *LURK* JUST BEYOND THE SHADOWS.

I WOULD MY FEET ARE *KILLING* ME, AND I HAVE TO GO TO THE *BATHROOM* AGAIN

MY WIFE'S *PREGNANT*. BEEN TRYING FOR YEARS, SO WE'RE A LITTLE NERVOUS NOW THAT IT FINALLY *TOOK*

YOU SEEM *EXHAUSTED* WOULD YOU CARE TO LIE DOWN UPSTAIRS?

THANKS. LOOK, LYING DOWN SOUNDS GREAT AND IF THERE'S A *PHONE*--?

UNDERSTANDABLE CONGRATULATIONS

PHONES ARE OUT.

WIRE FELL? LIGHTNING FLASH?

DIDN'T PAY THE BILL.

COME ALONG THEN

RIGHT UP HERE. THIS WAY

THIS PLACE IS LIKE A *MAZE* I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN WALKING FOR HOURS

WELL, THE LONG WALK IS OVER.

RIGHT IN HERE. IT'S ALL YOURS.

*KLK*

JUST YELL IF YOU NEED ANYTHING.



# CORPORATE

# BLOODSUCKERS

A TRIP THROUGH  
THE CREEPY HOUSE  
BY:

**PETER DAVID**  
WRITER

**GENE COLAN**  
PENCILLER

**STEVE LEIALOHA**  
INKER

**RICHARD HOWELL**  
LETTERER/EDITOR

**JESSE REYES**  
CO-EDITOR



WH--

WAIT A  
MINUTE!

NATHAN...?

OKAY.

OKAY!  
JUST

JUST  
DON'T  
SAY ANY-  
THING

WE'RE.  
WE'RE NOT  
IN THE HOUSE  
ANY-

I  
SAID:

SAY--  
NOTHING!

ROOMS  
FOR RE

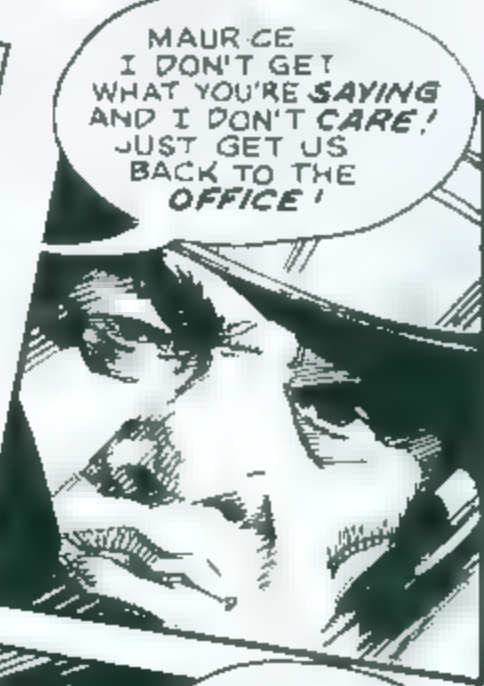
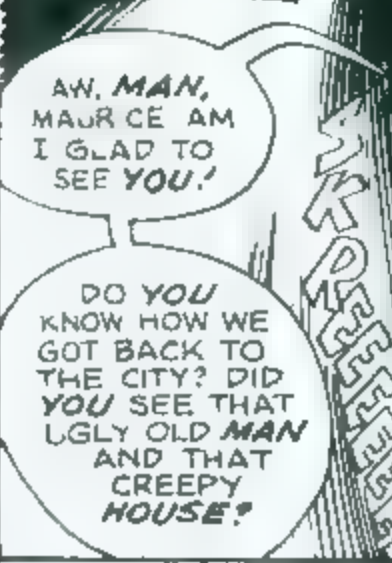




















HURRY!  
HURRY!

THE OFFICE  
BUILDING'S  
JUST ACROSS  
THE  
STREET!

NATHAN, I  
I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND  
ANY OF  
TH--

SO HELP ME GOD,  
DEENA. IF YOU SAY THAT  
ONE MORE TIME, I'LL  
GIVE YOU TO THEM  
MYSELF!



DO YOU THINK  
I GET ANY OF  
THIS? DO YOU?

EITHER IT'S  
SOME SORT OF  
ILLUSION, OR.  
OR I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT!  
ALL I KNOW FOR  
SURE IS...

...WE'RE SAFE  
FOR THE  
MOMENT!







LAST STOP!  
EVERYBODY  
OUT!

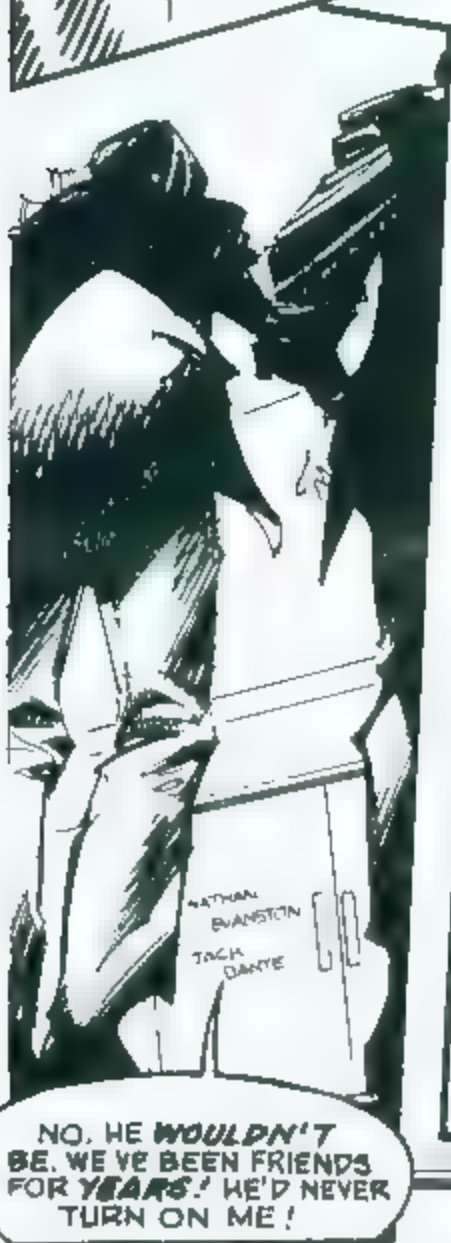
DEENA!

HEY!  
MORE  
EXCITING  
THAN MUZAK,  
RIGHT?



WE'VE GOT  
TO FIND  
JACK! HE'LL  
HELP JS!

BUT--  
WHAT FHE'S  
ONE OF  
THEM!



NATHAN  
EVANSTON  
JACK  
DANTE

NO, HE *WOULDN'T*  
BE. WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS  
FOR *YEARS*! HE'D NEVER  
TURN ON ME!



JACK!

THANK  
GOD! WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON!

WHAT'S  
HAPPEN-  
ING?



WHY  
NOTHING,  
NATHAN!  
WHY?



EVERY-  
THING'S  
PERFECTLY  
NORMAL!





'NO ONE'S GOT MORE BUSINESS SENSE, SAVVY. JUST PLAIN GUTS THAN YOU. THE PROBLEM IS THAT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN SEEING THINGS CLEARLY THESE DAYS.

DEENA, HOW ARE YOU FEELING? HOW'S THE BABY?

"UHM FINE"

"NOW DEENA... SHE HAS THE WORLD IN PERSPECTIVE YOU MUST BE REAL PROUD OF HER, BEING PREGNANT AND ALL AND PROUD OF YOURSELF, TOO"

"MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE A MAN, DOESN'T IT-- ESPECIALLY AFTER ALL THE TIME IT TOOK."





NO! YOU'RE LYING! DEENA, TELL HIM HE'S FULL OF--

DEENA!

NEEYUUUUHHH!

LUNCH BREAK!!



YOU'RE BEHIND ALL THIS, JACK! CALL THEM OFF!

BUT NATHAN, I'M NOT A VAMPIRE! REMEMBER? LOOK

I'M... I'M NOT IN IT

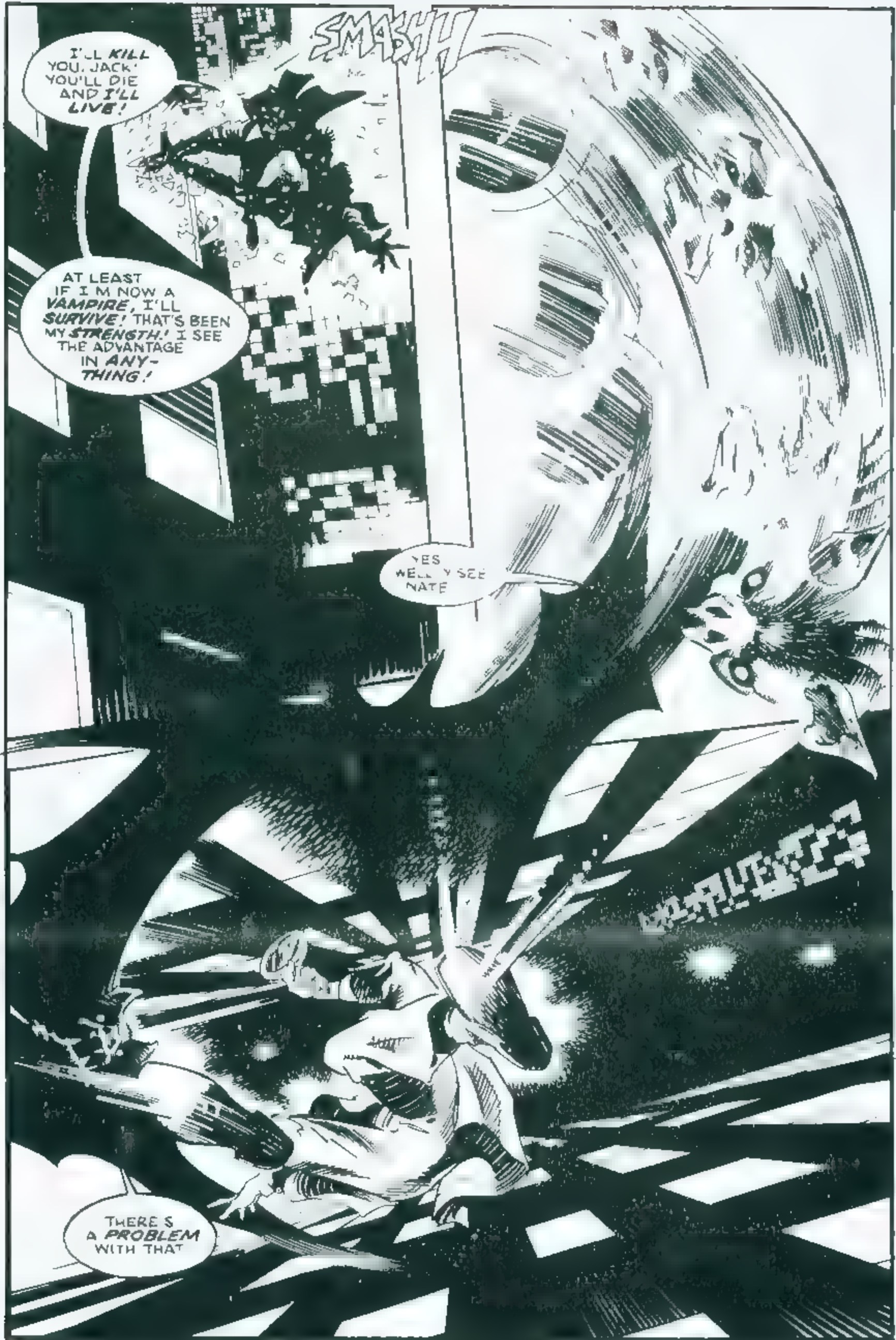
EEYARGH!

I'M NOT IN THE MIRROR!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?! I'M A VAMPIRE!

NOW YOU'RE CATCHING ON!







BUT .  
BUT  
I'M A  
VAMPIRE !

YES  
SOCIALY!  
IT'S GOOD  
YOU  
REALIZED  
THAT

BUT THE  
MIRROR!  
I -

AH YES, THE  
MIRROR. WELL, YOU  
SEE, THAT'S THE **KEY**  
TO THIS PLACE NATE.  
WE DON'T DEAL IN  
**PHYSICALITIES,**  
BUT IN  
**METAPHORS.**

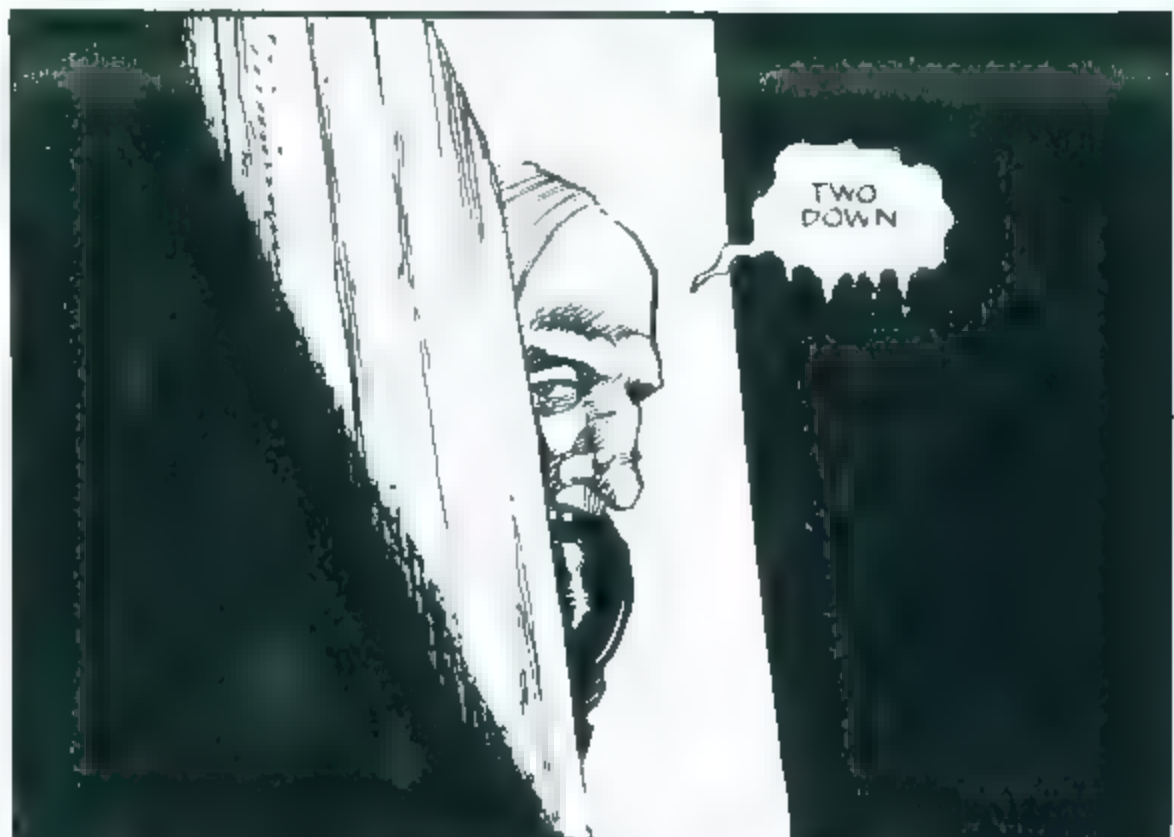
HERE IS AS  
IT APPEARS, BUT  
**EVERYTHING**  
IS AS IT  
**SHOULD BE.**

MIRRORS  
SHOW THE **REALITY**  
HERE, . . . AND IN **THAT**  
MEASURE, YOU'RE JUST  
A **TAKER, A USER,**  
A **BLOODSUCKER**  
-- JUST AN **EMPTY**  
**SUIT!** I'M AFRAID  
THERE'S NOTHING  
MUCH TO  
YOU !

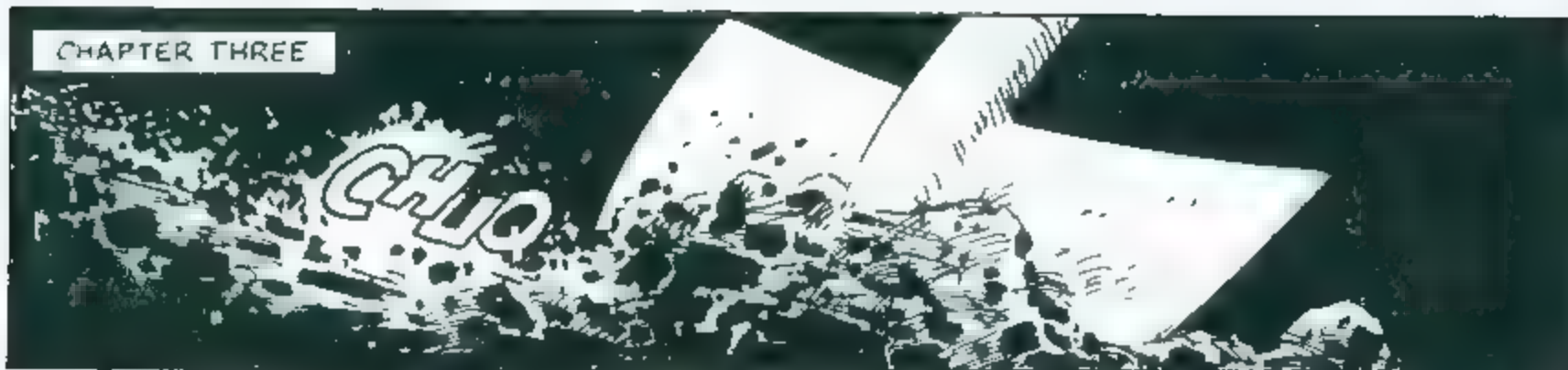
OF  
COURSE YOU  
COULDN'T KNOW  
**THAT--** BUT DON'T  
WORRY, .

IT'S NO  
**REFLECTION**  
ON YOU .














YES,  
I KNOW  
**EXACTLY**  
HOW YOU  
FEEL

THAT SEEMS **QUITE**  
DEEP ENOUGH. FEEL  
FREE TO RETURN TO  
YOUR **OTHER** DUTIES  
NOW

IF WE LEAVE  
OUR GUESTS  
**UNATTENDED**,  
THEY MIGHT GET  
**NERVOUS**. WE  
WOULDN'T  
WANT **THAT**.

**24  
HOUR  
ROOM  
SERVICE**

'GUESTS'—  
**HAH!** I SAY  
GIVE 'EM  
THREE BUCKS  
**CABFARE--!**

**PETER  
DAVID**  
WRITER

**KIERON  
DWYER**  
LAYOUT ART

**TOM  
SUTTON**  
FINISHES

**KEVIN  
CUNNINGHAM**  
LETTERER

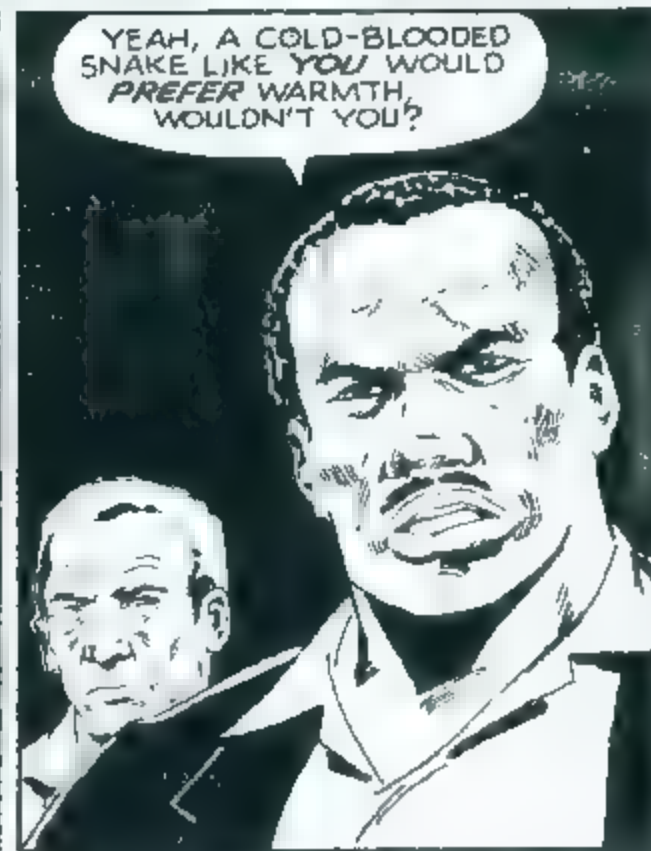
**RICHARD  
HOWELL**  
PLOTTER

**REYES &  
HOWELL**  
CO. EDITORS

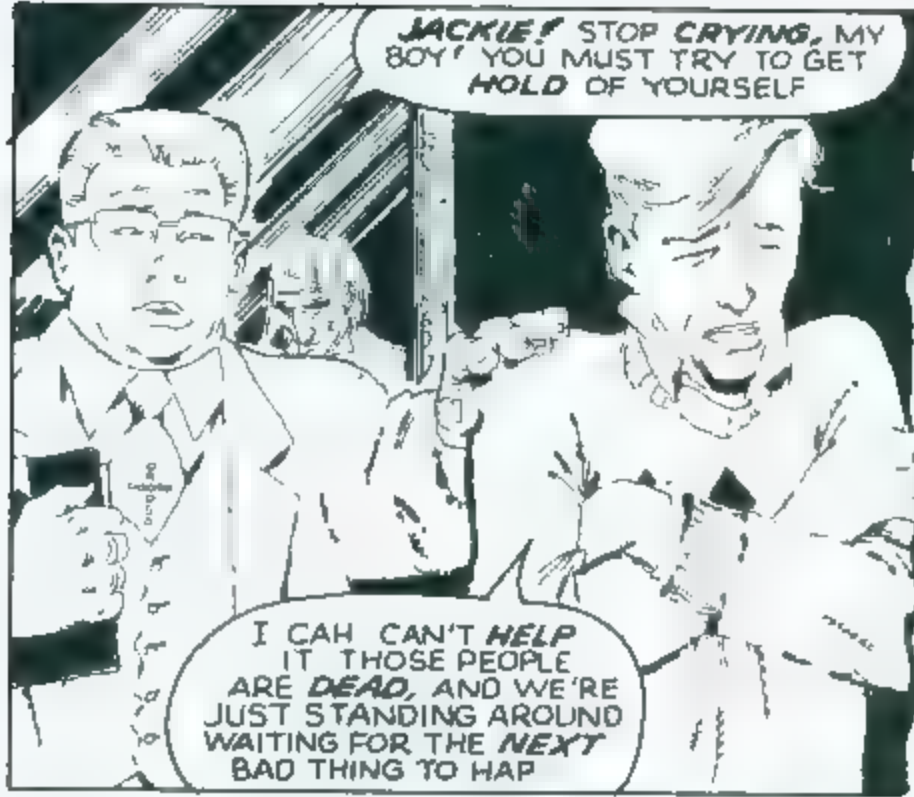












JACKIE! STOP CRYING, MY BOY! YOU MUST TRY TO GET HOLD OF YOURSELF

I CAN CAN'T HELP IT THOSE PEOPLE ARE DEAD, AND WE'RE JUST STANDING AROUND WAITING FOR THE NEXT BAD THING TO HAP



AAHHHHHH!!!



JUST GET AWAY FROM ME!!!



HEY, NO PROBLEM THERE, MIGHTY MOUSE. GAWD.



WITH ALL YOUR WHINING, YOU FIT RIGHT IN WITH THE REST OF THESE CRYBABIES



COME THE WEATHER HAS MADE YOU TENSE.

I'M NOT TENSE YOU TENSE?

SHUT UP



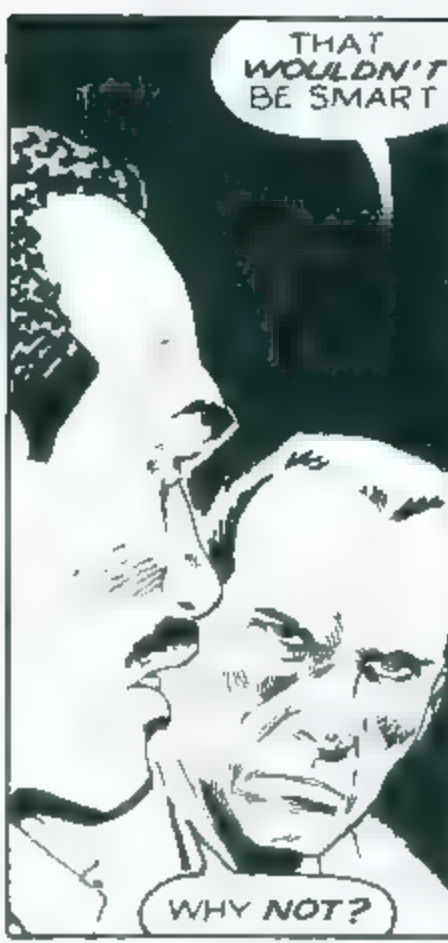




LOOK, I BEEN THINKING... MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST ALL GET TOGETHER, GET OUT OF THIS PLACE IF WE STICK TOGETHER, MAYBE WE CAN MAKE OUR WAY IN THE DARK, FIND A PHONE, CALL THE COPS...



THAT WOULDN'T BE SMART



WHY NOT?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.



MY SON, YOU MUST BELIEVE THAT THIS IS ALL SERVING SOME PURPOSE... AND THAT THERE IS SOMEONE WATCHING OVER US A HIGHER POWER

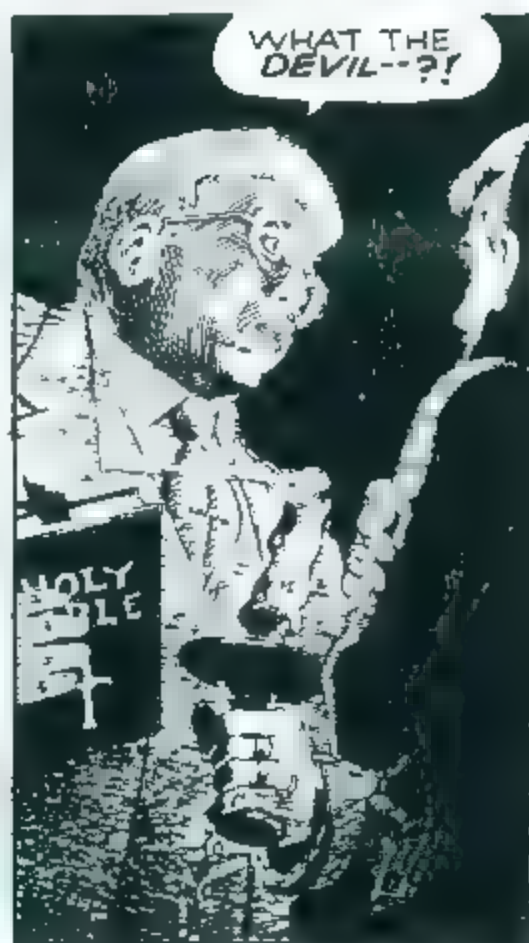


OH, I BELIEVE THERE'S A HIGHER POWER, SIR I'M JUST NOT SURE WHOSE SIDE HE'S ON



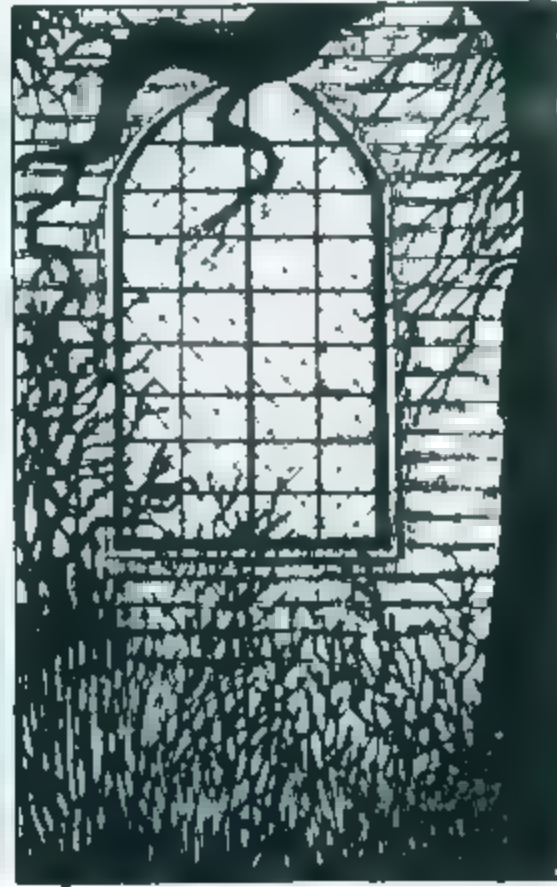
KREEAAK

WHAT THE DEVIL--?!



AAAAHHHHH!!









LOOK AT THESE BOOKS THEY FAIRLY REEK OF EVIL

THEY'RE NOT THE ONLY THING THAT REEKS AROUND HERE



HEY, REV, WHAT'RE YOU GURGLING ABOUT?



OH MY GOD! THE CRIMSON CHRONICLES!!

WHAT'S THAT? A HARVARD YEARBOOK?



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, YOU IDIOTS! IT'S THE SINGLE MOST EVIL BOOK IN HISTORY! SURPASSED ONLY BY "DARK VISIONS"-- THE LAST COPY OF WHICH I PERSONALLY SAW BURNED!

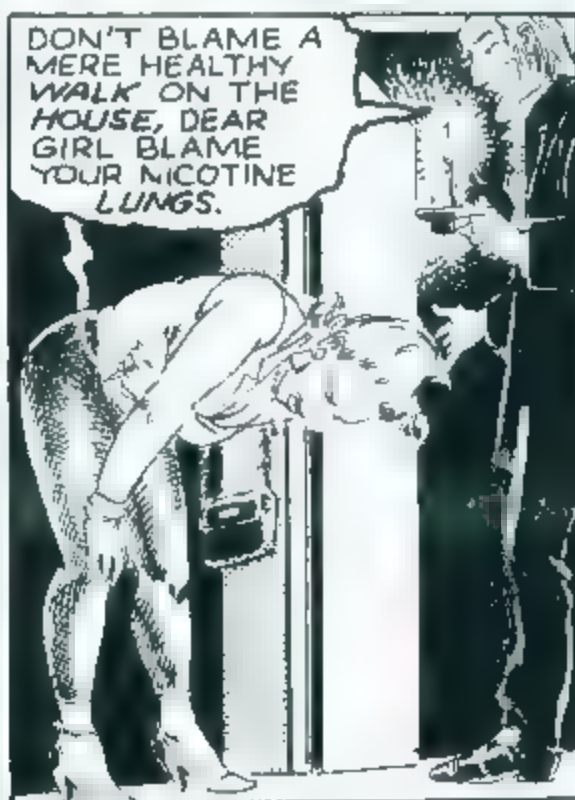
ANY HOUSE WHICH WOULD HOLD A COPY OF THIS--!



"WE ARE IN GRAVE DANGER, MY FRIENDS. GRAVE DANGER"

MAN OH \*HUHVN\* MAN I DON'T BELIEVE THIS WALK.

WHAT, YOU GOT A HUNDRED FLOORS IN HERE?



DON'T BLAME A MERE HEALTHY WALK ON THE HOUSE, DEAR GIRL BLAME YOUR NICOTINE LUNGS.



YEAH, THANKS. NIGHT NIGHT, JACK LALANNE.

AS I RECALL, CIGARETTES ARE CALLED "COFFIN NAILS."



HOW APPROPPOS.





BEAUTIFUL.

WHERE'D  
THE ROOM  
GO?

AND THIS?  
FINGER  
PAINTS? WHAT  
IS SHE-- SIX  
YEARS OLD?



THIS IS GONNA  
BE THE **BEAUTI-  
FULEST** PICTURE  
IN THE **WHOLE**  
WORLD WHEN  
I'M DONE.

IT'LL LOOK  
JUST LIKE  
UNCLE  
NICK!



AN' I LL BET, WHEN  
UNCLE NICK **SEES** IT  
HE S GONNA  
LOVE ME!

YES



CARLOTTA STOPS  
THINKING ABOUT  
THE OLD MAN,  
THE ROOM, AND  
SURRENDERS.

HE S  
GONNA  
LOVE ME  
BEST OF  
ALL!



MISS  
CARLOTTA?

WHAT?

MR COOKE  
JUST GOT UP  
FROM HIS NAP.  
HE SAID, IF YOU STILL  
WANT TO SEE  
HIM, --

-- YOL  
CAN GO UP  
TO HIS ROOM  
FOR A  
LITTLE  
WHILE--

--RIGHT  
NOW!



UNCLE  
NICK!











YAAAAAAA

# Turn of the Wheel

*A Love Story*

Jo Duffy  
STORY

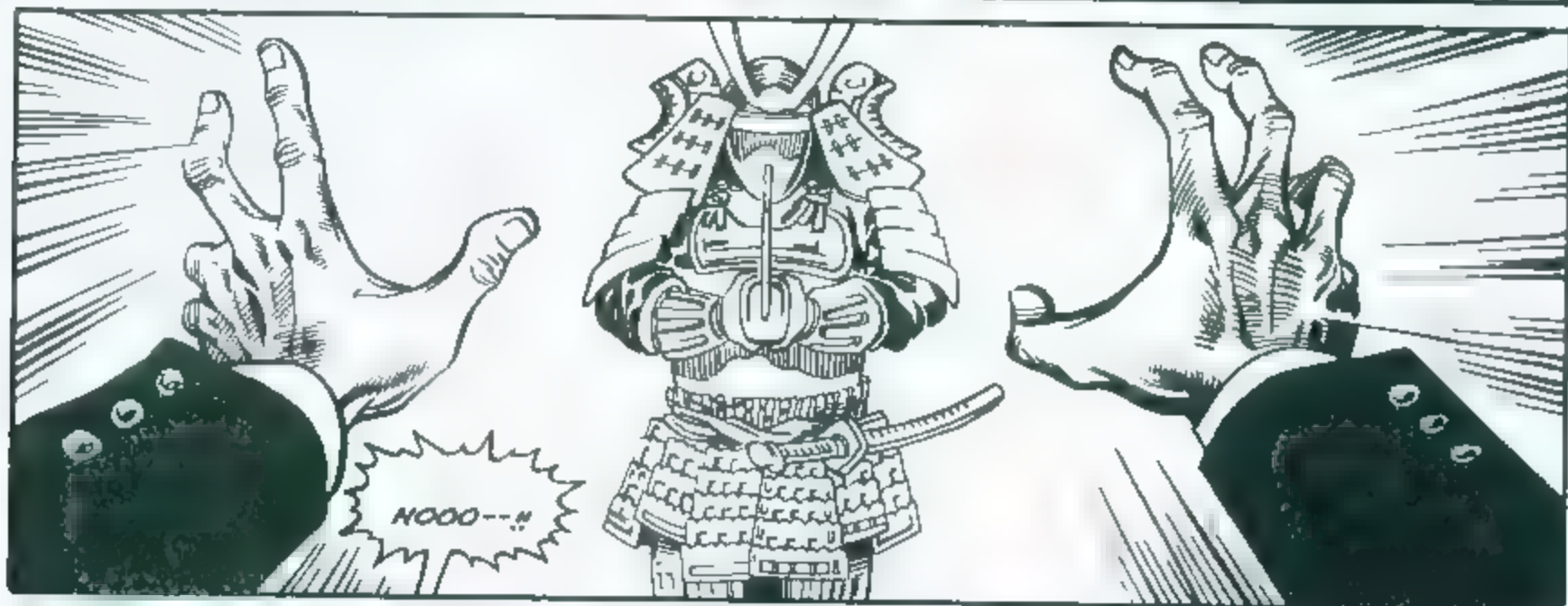
James Fry  
PENCILS

Viscardi  
INKS

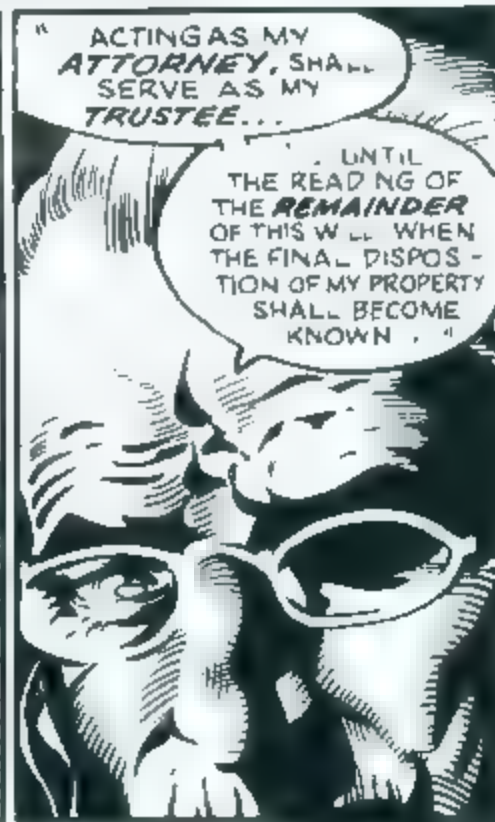
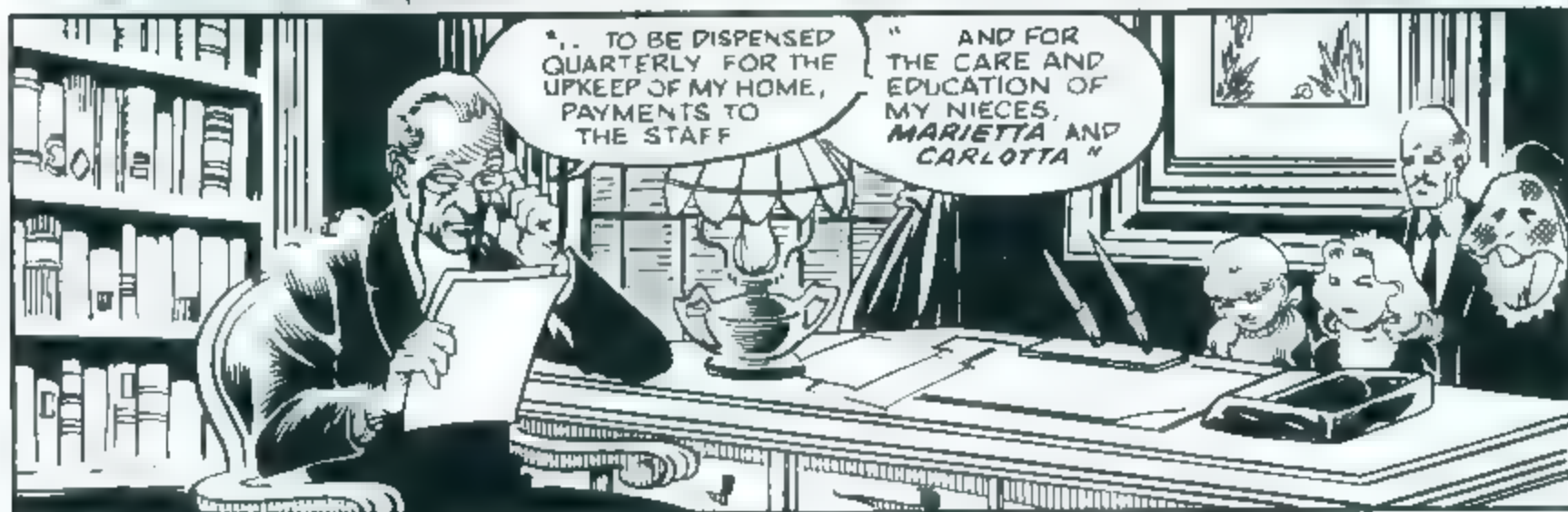
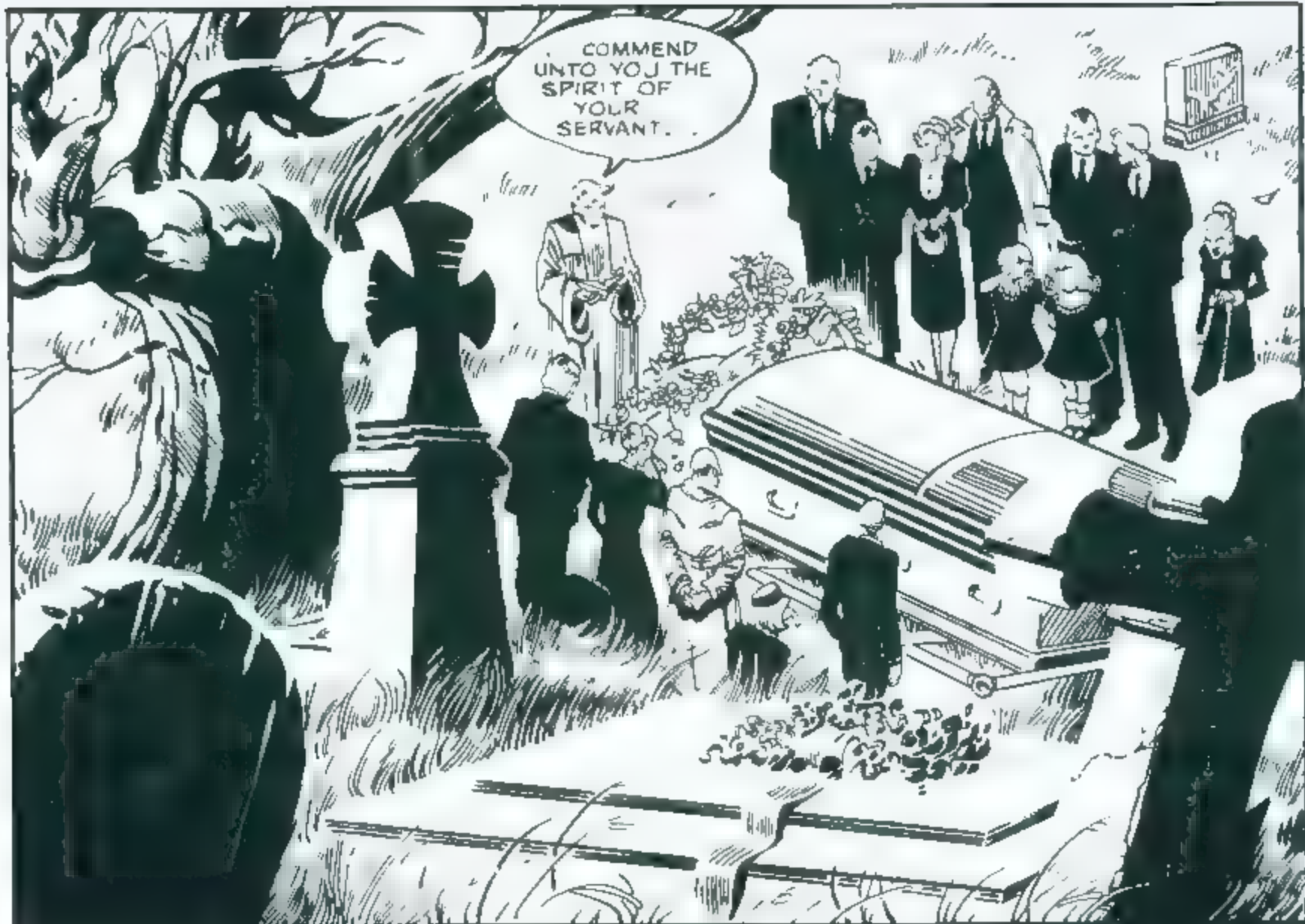
Howell  
LETTERS

Reyes & Howell  
EDITORS











"ON MY NEECE CARLOTTA'S  
EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY."



IS IT  
FINISHED?

I AM **FABIANO!**  
DO I EVER LEAVE A  
JOB UNFINISHED?

AND, WHEN YOU GET  
YOUR **MONEY**, THEN  
GET MY **COMMISSION**.  
YES, CARLOTTA,  
AMORE?

I DO  
NOT COME  
**CHEAP**,  
ME

**GOOD!**  
THERE'S JUST  
TIME FOR THE **UN-  
VEILING** BEFORE THE  
READING BEGINS.

OF  
**COURSE**  
YOU WILL!

**MARIETTA... EVERYBODY,**  
I WANT YOU TO MEET **FABIANO  
duLAC!**

HE **HAD TO**  
HERE. HE BROUGHT A  
**TRIBUTE-- A MEMORIAL  
GIFT-- FROM ME!**

I'M SURE WE'RE  
ALL **CHARMED**. DEAR,  
BUT COULDN'T YOU HAVE  
PICKED A **BETTER  
MOMENT** TO START  
BRINGING YOUR  
**BEAUX** HOME?

YOU'RE  
JUST IN  
**TIME!**



FROM HER  
AND BY  
ME.

I  
TOO  
AM  
**CHARMED**.

I CAN  
**TELL!**

WHEN  
YOU SEE  
WHAT I DO--  
YOU, **TOO**,  
BE **CHARMED**.

UNCLE GAVE US SO MUCH.  
TONIGHT WOULDN'T BE  
**COMPLETE** IF WE  
DIDN'T **ACKNOWLEDGE**  
IT







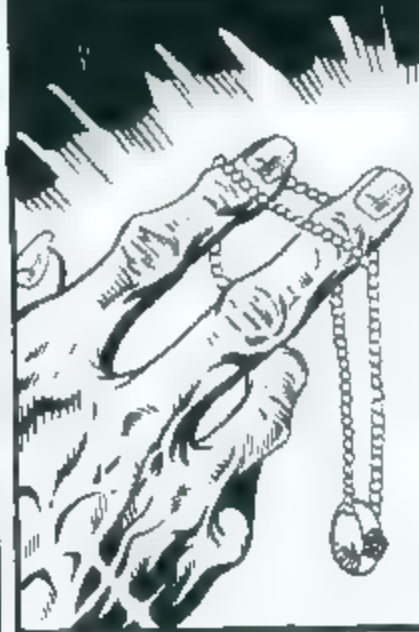
"I, NICHOLAS H. COOKE, BEING OF SOUND MIND AND BODY, DO HEREBY BEQUEATH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS AS FOLLOWS:

"TO MY YOUNGER NIECE, CARLOTTA..."



"THAT GEM WHICH SHE HAS OFTEN SEEN ME WEAR ASKING THAT SHE TREAT IT WITH REVERENCE AND CARE, AS I HAVE ALWAYS DONE

"OH UNCLE! OF COURSE I WILL!"



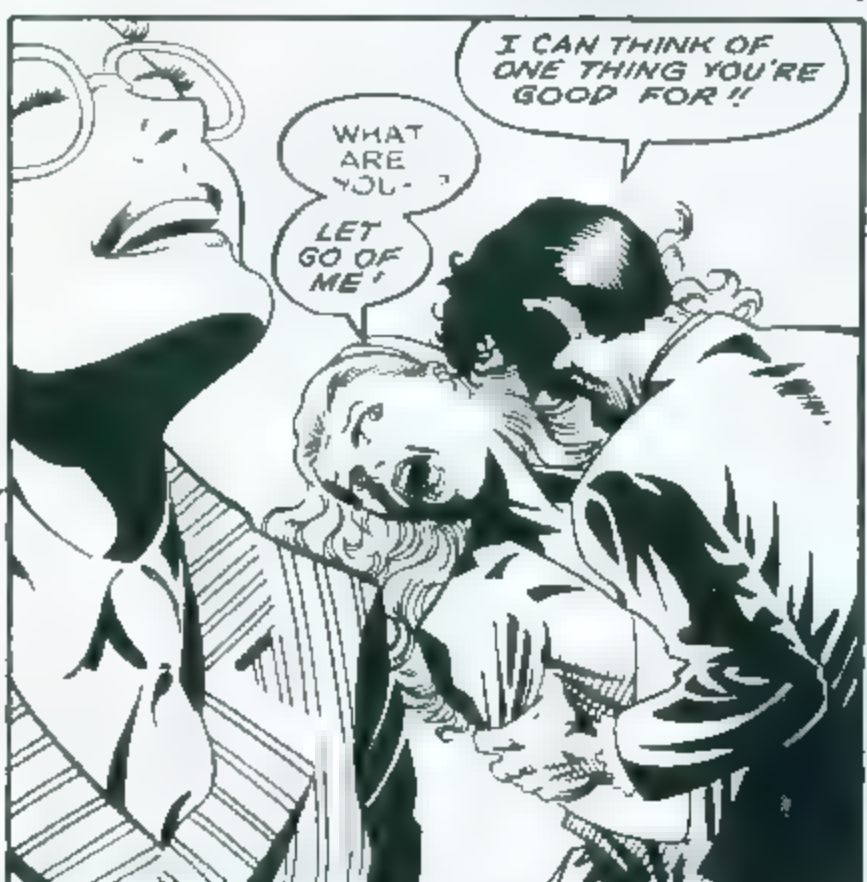
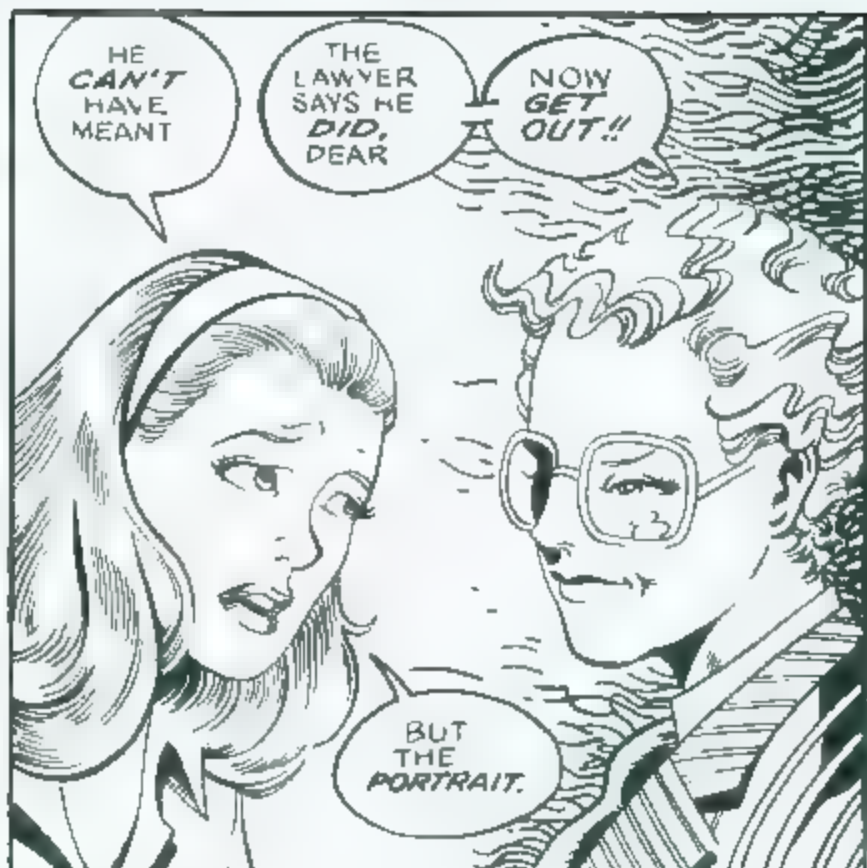
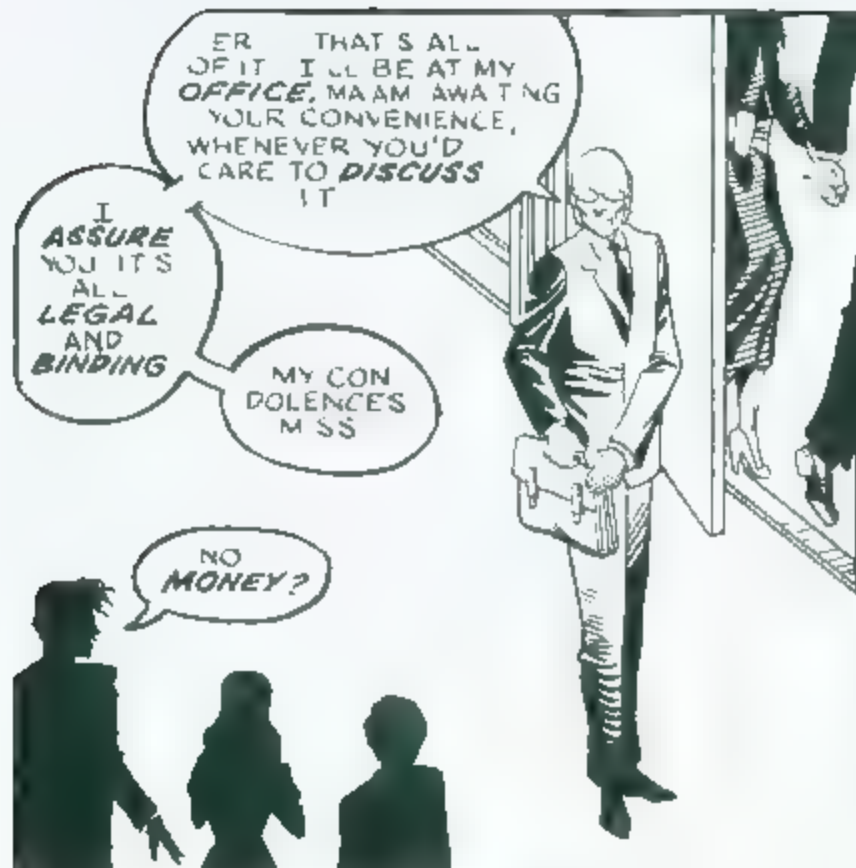
"AND TO MY NIECE MARIETTA, WHO I ANTICIPATE HAS GROWN UP TO BE JUST LIKE ME, LEAVE THE REST OF MY ESTATE, ALL MONEY AND PROPERTY."

WHAT?

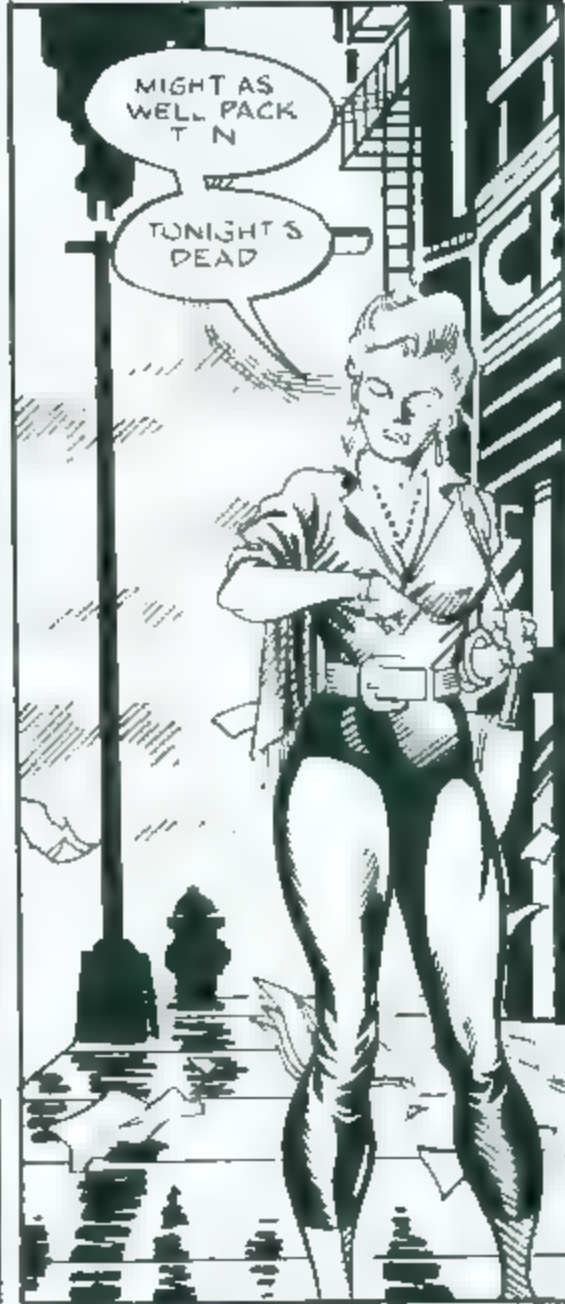
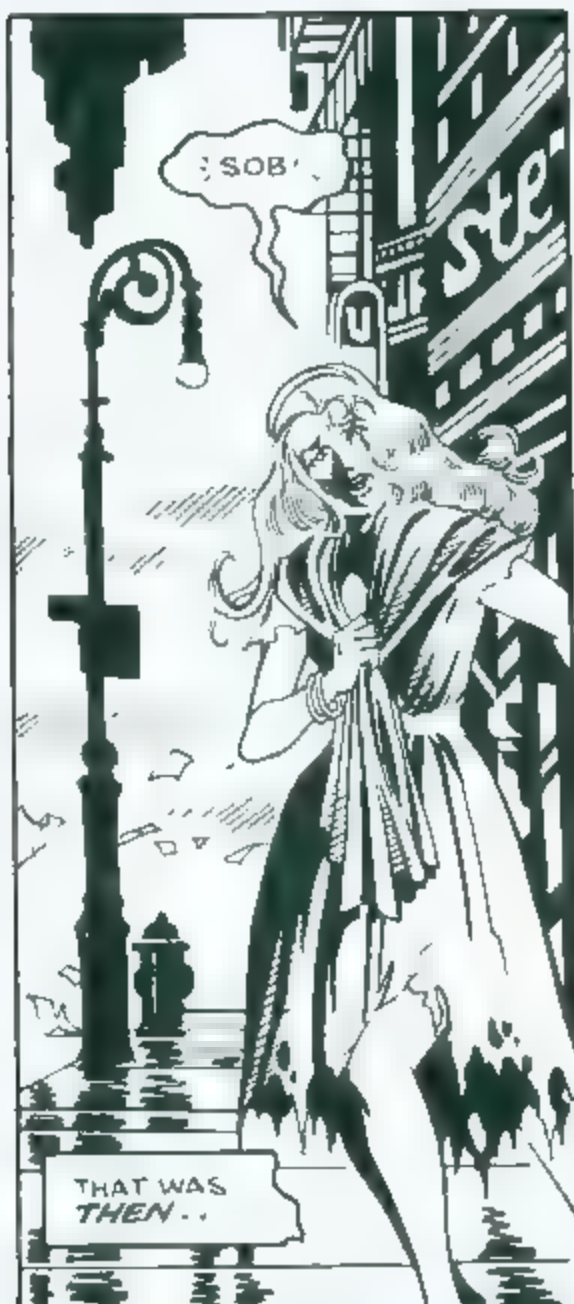
"... ALONG WITH MY ADVICE THAT SHE THROW HER WORTHLESS SISTER OUT AND NEVER LET HER HAVE SO MUCH AS ONE PENNY OF IT."















YOU REMEMBER THE WAY, DON'T YOU? IT HASN'T BEEN TOO LONG...?

HOME...?



COME OVER TO THE FIRE, DEAR, AND GET WARM THAT'S MY GIRL

AM I REALLY, UNCLE?

AM I REALLY YOUR GIRL?



OF COURSE YOU ARE, DEAR. ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU ALWAYS WANTED-- FOR ME TO LOVE YOU MORE?

NOW, GET OUT OF THOSE WET THINGS. AND GET READY FOR BED.

YES... FOR BED, ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED?



GET UNDER THE COVERS-- BE COZY.

AND SEE IF YOU CAN FORGIVE YOUR OLD UNCLE?

FORGIVE?

FOR LETTING YOU THINK I LOVED YOUR SISTER BETTER.



YOU KNOW I'D NEVER HAVE DONE THIS WITH MARIETTA, DON'T YOU?

YES, UNCLE. I KNOW!

THEN MOVE OVER AND MAKE ROOM FOR ME, SO I CAN KEEP YOU WARM!







WHAT TH'HELL  
KIND OF  
CRAZY  
DREAM--?



THIS CREEPY OLD  
FILE OF ROCKS IS  
MAKING ME CRAZY.

I NEED  
A SMOKE!



WHERE'S THE DAMNED  
LIGHTER?

OH JEEZ!  
SO IT WASN'T  
ALL A DREAM  
AFTER ALL...



WHO'D I TAKE  
TO BED --  
THE KID... OR  
THE OLD  
MAN?

HEY!  
COME ON!  
WAKY-  
WAKY,  
SWEET-  
HEART!

TIME TO  
GET UP  
AND G--



OH









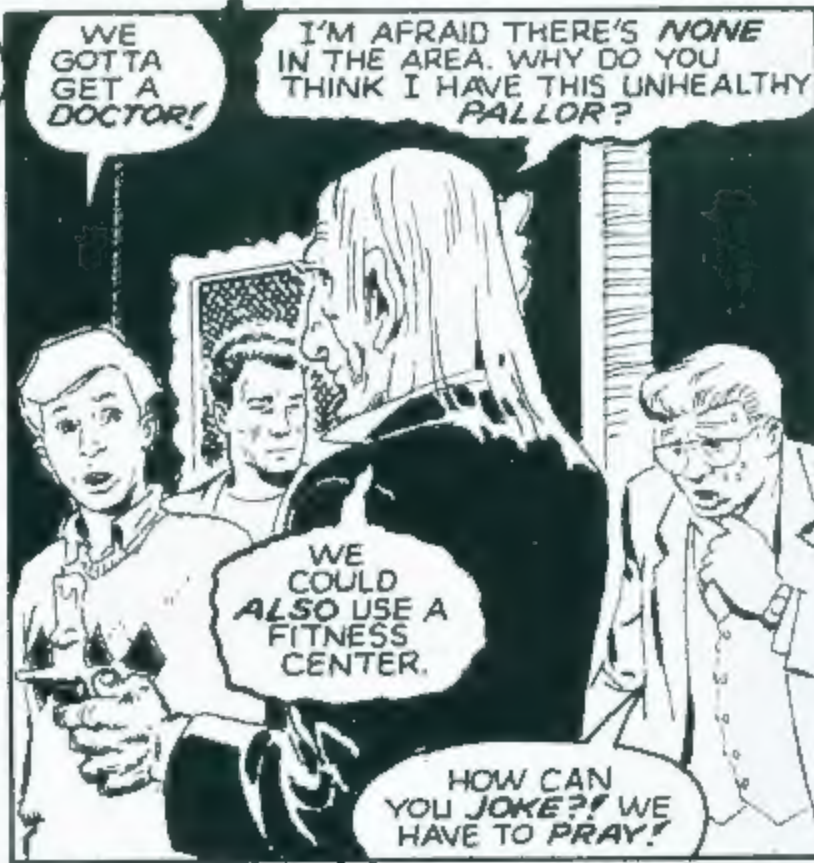


CARLOTTA!  
AW, MAN...



SHE'S COLD  
AS ICE. JUST  
BARELY BREATHING.

WHAT  
COULD'VE  
HAPPENED?



WE  
GOTTA  
GET A  
DOCTOR!

I'M AFRAID THERE'S *NONE*  
IN THE AREA. WHY DO YOU  
THINK I HAVE THIS UNHEALTHY  
FALLOR?

WE  
COULD  
ALSO USE A  
FITNESS  
CENTER.

HOW CAN  
YOU JOKE?? WE  
HAVE TO PRAY!



YEAH. PRAY  
THAT YOU  
SHUT UP REAL  
SOON NOW.

NOW  
*THAT'S* WEIRD.  
HER NECKLACE  
IS MISSING.

WHERE'D  
THE RING  
WITH THE  
STONE GO?

